

The Critic

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Authors at Home.* XXVIII.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD IN NEW YORK

AMONG those New York men-of-letters who are 'only that and nothing more'—who are known simply as writers, and not as politicians or public speakers, like George Wm. Curtis in the older, or Theodore Roosevelt in the younger, generation,—there is no figure more familiar than that of Richard Henry Stoddard. The poet's whole life since he was ten years old has been passed on Manhattan Island; no feet, save those of some veteran patrolman, 'have worn its stony highways' more persistently than his. The city has undergone many changes since the boy landed at the Battery one Sunday morning over half a century ago, and with his mother and her husband wandered up Broadway; and his memory keeps the record of them all.

It is not only New York that has changed its aspect in the hurrying years; the times have changed, too, and the conditions of life are not so hard for this adopted New Yorker as they were in his boyhood and early youth. Perhaps he is not yet in a position to display the motto of the Stoddards, 'Post Nubes Lux,' which he once declared would be his when the darkness that beclouded his fortunes had given place to light. But his labors to-day, however irksome and monotonous, are not altogether uncongenial. He is not yet free from the necessity of doing a certain amount of literary hackwork (readers of *The Mail and Express* are selfish enough to hope he never will be); but he has sympathetic occupation and surroundings, leisure to write verse at other than the 'mournful midnight hours,' a sure demand for all he writes (a condition not last or least in the tale of a literary worker's temporal blessings!), and, above all, that sense of having won a place in the hearts of his fellowmen which should be even more gratifying to a poet than the assurance of a niche in the Temple of Fame. Such further gratification as this last assurance may give, Mr. Stoddard certainly does not lack.

The story of the poet's life has been told so often, and in volumes so readily accessible to all (the best account is to be found in 'Poets' Homes,' Boston, D. Lothrop Co.), that I do not need to rehearse it in detail. Like the lives of most poets, especially the poets of America, it has not been an eventful one, if by eventful we imply those marvellous achievements or startling changes of fortune that dazzle a gaping world. Yet what more marvellous than that the delicate flower of poetry should be planted in a soil formed by the fusion of such rugged elements as a New England sailing-master and the daughter of a 'horse-swapping' deacon? Or that, once planted there, it should have not only survived, but grown and thriven amid the rigors of such

an early experience as Stoddard's? These surely are marvels, but marvels to which mankind was passably accustomed even before Shelley told us that the poet teaches in song only what he has learnt in suffering.

Mr. Stoddard was born July 2, 1825, at Hingham, Mass., the home of his ancestors since 1638. The Stoddards were seafaring folk; the poet's father being one of those hardy New England captains whose bones now whiten the mid-sea sands. It was a step-father that brought Richard and his mother to New York; and here the boy had his only schooling. The reading and writing of poetry kept his soul alive during these dark days, and his achievements did not fail of appreciation. Poe paid the lad the back-handed compliment of pronouncing a poem he had written too good to be original; while N. P. Willis more directly encouraged him to write. So also did Park Benjamin, Lewis Gaylord Clarke and Mrs. Caroline M. Kirkland. But the first friendship formed with a writer of his own age resulted from a call on Bayard Taylor—already the author of 'Views Afoot' and one of the editors of the *Tribune*,—who had accepted some verses of the poet's, and who was, later on, the means of making him acquainted with another young poet and critic—the third member of a famous literary trio. This was Edmund Clarence Stedman, a younger man than the other two by eight years or so; then (in 1859) but twenty-six years old, though he had already made himself conspicuous by 'The Diamond Wedding' and 'How Old Brown took Harper's Ferry.' With Taylor Mr. Stoddard's intimacy continued till the death of that distinguished traveller, journalist, poet, translator and Minister to Germany; with Stedman his friendship is still unbroken. He has had many friends, and many are left to him, but none have stood closer than these in the little circle in which he is known as 'Dick.'

When Mr. Stoddard met the woman he was to marry, he had already published, or rather printed (at his own expense), a volume called 'Footprints.' The poems were pleasantly noticed in two or three magazines, and one copy of them was sold. As there was no call for the remainder of the edition, it was committed to the flames. Encouraged by this success, the young poet saw no impropriety in becoming the husband of a young lady of Mattapoisett. Elizabeth Barstow was her name, and the tie that bound them was a common love of books. It was at twenty-five (some years before his first meeting with Taylor or Stedman) that the penniless poet and the ship-builder's daughter were made one by an amiable gentleman of this city, the Rev. Ralph Hoyt, 'who found it easier to marry the poet than to praise his verses.'

Realizing that man cannot live by poetry alone, particularly when he has given hostages to fortune (as Bacon, not Shakspeare, puts it) he set to work to teach himself to write prose, 'and found that he was either a slow teacher, or a slow scholar, probably both.' But prose and verse together, though by no means lavish in their rewards to-day, were still less bountiful in the early '50s; and even when the slow pupil had acquired what the slow teacher had to impart, he was in a fair way to learn by experience whether or no 'love is enough' for husband and wife and an undetermined number of children. Not long before this, however, it had been Mr. Stoddard's good fortune to become acquainted with Hawthorne, and through the romancer's friendly intervention he received from President Pierce an appointment in the New York Custom House. He was just twenty-eight years of age when he entered the granite temple in Wall Street, and he was forty-five when he regained his freedom from official bondage.

It was in 1870 that Mr. Stoddard lost his position in the Custom House. Shortly afterwards he became a clerk in the New York Dock Department, under Gen. McClellan; and, in 1877, Librarian of the City Library—an anomalous position, better suited to his tastes and capabilities in title than in fact, since the Library is a library only in name, its

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shelves being burdened with books that would have come under Lamb's most cordial ban. The librarianship naturally came to an end in not more than two years. Since then, or about that date, Mr. Stoddard has been the literary editor of *The Mail and Express*—a position in which he has found it hard to do his best work, perhaps, but in which he has at least given a literary tone to the paper not common to our dailies. He has also been an occasional contributor to THE CRITIC since its foundation; until recently he was a leading review-writer for the *Tribune*; and he is still to be found now and then in the poets' corner of *The Independent*. Of the books he has written or edited it is unnecessary to give the list; it can be found in almost any biographical dictionary. The volume on which his fame will rest is his 'Poetical Works,' published by the Scribners. It contains some of the most beautiful lyrics and blank-verse ever written in America—some of the most beautiful written anywhere during the poet's life-time. His verse is copious in amount, rich in thought, feeling and imagination, simple and sensuous in expression. The taste of readers and lovers of English poetry must undergo a radical change indeed, if such poems as the stately Horatian ode on Lincoln, the Keats and Lincoln sonnets, the 'Hymn to the Beautiful,' 'The Flight of Youth,' 'Irreparable,' 'Sorrow and Joy,' 'The Flower of Love Lies Bleeding,' or the exquisitely pathetic poems in Memoriam, are ever to be forgotten or misprized. In prose, too—the medium he found it so difficult to teach himself to use,—he has put forth (often anonymously) innumerable essays and sketches betraying a ripe knowledge of literature and literary history together with the keenest critical acumen, and flashing and glowing with alternate wit and humor. Long practice has given him the mastery of a style as individual as it is pleasing: once familiar with it, one needs no signature to tell whether he is the author of a given article.

The Stoddards' home has been, for sixteen years, the first of a row of three-story-and-basement houses, built of brick and painted a light yellow, that runs eastward along the north side of East Fifteenth Street, from the south-east corner of Stuyvesant Square. Like its neighbors it is distinguished from the conventional New York house by a verandah that shades the doorway and first-floor windows. The neighborhood to the east is unattractive; to the west, delightful. Stuyvesant Square—'Squares,' it should be, for Second Avenue, with its endless file of horse-cars, trucks, carriages and foot travelers, bisects the stately little park—is one of the most beautiful as well as one of the most 'aristocratic' quarters on the island. (Was it not from Stuyvesant Square that the late Richard Grant White dedicated one of his last books to a noble English lady?) It is the quarter long known to and frequented by the Stuyvesants, the Rutherfords, the Fishs, the Jays. Senator Evarts's city home is but a block below the Square. The twin steeples of fashionable St. George's keep sleepless watch over its shaded walks and sparkling fountains. By the bell of the old church clock the poet can regulate his domestic time-piece; for its sonorous hourly strokes, far-heard at night, are but half-muffled by the loudest noises of the day; or if they chance to be altogether hushed, one has but to raise his eyes to one of the huge faces to see the gilt hands gleaming in the sun or moonlight. St. George's is on the opposite side of the Square to Mr. Stoddard's, at the corner of Rutherford Place and Sixteenth Street; and a Friends' School and Meeting-House fill the space between this and the Fifteenth Street corner. Past the latter, the poet—true to the kindred points of club and home—is a constant wayfarer. For the Century Association, of which he is one of the oldest members, is comfortably housed at No. 109 in the same street that holds the Stoddards' household gods. The number at which the family receive their friends and mail, and give daily audience (vicariously) to the inevitable butcher and baker, is 329.

JOSEPH B. GILDER.

[To be concluded August 18.]

Reviews

Randolph's "Fifty Years of English Song"*

THIS exceedingly valuable anthology, appearing in four volumes of convenient size and tastefully sober style, is seen at once to differ from other collections of contemporary verse in the principles on which it has been compiled. The purpose of the editor has been not simply to gather the choicest flowers of the Victorian field, but, as far as the motives are compatible, to harmoniously group and scientifically classify them: by intelligent arrangement and the representative character of the selections, to afford 'a general knowledge of the tendency and scope of English poetry during the last fifty years.' This essential purpose is well fulfilled; and if it be properly understood by the student, he will not be surprised at the inclusion of certain material which seems to him of secondary value—the work, for instance, of some members of the Blackwood coterie, and perhaps some of the religious poems in the final volume. It is the student, the thoughtful examiner of literature, who has been considered and is pre-eminently concerned, in a collection like the present. The casual reader, however, unconsciously gains by receiving his pleasure in an ordered form; the order here observed being natural and not arbitrary, and a merely literal consistency being readily sacrificed to considerations more truly important. Procter, for instance, we might have expected to find among the earlier poets; yet the fitness of the position given him among the ballad and song-writers is evident. We confess, however, that we are somewhat disturbed by the placing of Matthew Arnold among poets of the latter half of the reign. It is not the confessed violation of chronological strictness to which we object, but the absence of adequate reason for it. Surely the place most meet for Arnold, on all grounds, would have been with Clough; whose 'Bothie,' if we mistake not, was published in the same year as 'The Strayed Reveller.' This fact in itself is of course inconclusive; Mr. Randolph is certainly wise in refusing to be bound by dates of publication, for that way madness lies, to a mind conscious of deeper order. But was it not a little unnecessary to sever the singer of Thyrsis from the friend he sang, that he might head a procession in which the next figure but one is Mr. Lewis Morris?

With this exception the method of arrangement clearly justifies itself. We have, first, the poets whose reputation was established before Queen Victoria's accession, and who died or ceased writing during the first fifteen years of her reign; veterans such as Wordsworth, Southey, Hunt, and Landor. We miss the last-named poet's 'Hamadryad,' but can conceive the embarrassment of riches which must have beset the editor in making a choice from those clear-carven gems, the 'Hellenics.' The writers for *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the earlier Scottish poets, follow, the minor-keyed sonnets of poor David Gray leaving the strongest impression; then the singers of 'Young Ireland'—a fiery company. The second volume includes such poets as had made a reputation before the expiration of the first half of the reign, the leaders of this division being Tennyson and Browning; and the novelist poets, the freshness and independence of whose spontaneous contributions to Victorian verse have been noted by Mr. Stedman. Who does not delight in 'The Ballad of Bouillabaisse' and Kingsley's 'Last Buccaneer'? In this division one is pleased to find Emily Brontë—who was rather unaccountably passed over in 'Victorian Poets'—properly represented. No collection of modern English verse can afford to omit those solemnly luminous 'Last Lines' beginning 'No coward soul is mine.' The first part of Volume III. is devoted to the poets who have become prominent since 1862. Here it may appear to some of us that Swinburne hardly gets his just share of space. One admits that in his case the effect might be diminished by

* Fifty Years of English Song. Selections from the Poets of the Reign of Queen Victoria. Edited and arranged by Henry F. Randolph. 4 vols. \$5. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

increase of quantity. But certain traits of his genius are here unrepresented; his ardor for liberty, his exquisite reverence for childhood and old age. In the latter part of this volume are assembled the writers of *vers de société*; and it is, to speak truth, a very pleasant region indeed, this sunny slope on the side of the poetic hill, though we are all getting a fashion of crying out upon its velvet ease, and flattering ourselves that we are therefore tremendously serious and strenuous. One is sorry for those who fail to recognize, under the dainty silken mask, the warm and sweet humanity of such a debonair muse as that of Austin Dobson. In the last volume are grouped the poets of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood—Rossetti, Morris, Richard Watson Dixon, and Thomas Woolner. These are followed by the ballad- and song-writers—Barry Cornwall, and Macaulay, and hearty Hastings Doyle, and Thornbury, and Allingham, and Barnes, and all the rest. Cardinal Newman leads nobly the recessional march, as it were, of the last division—the religious poets. Each volume contains biographical and bibliographical notes, alphabetically arranged, full notes explanatory of the poems included, an index of first lines, an index of authors, and a list of pseudonyms and literary sobriquets.

While the outlines of this work differ slightly, as has been indicated, from those of Mr. Stedman's essays covering the same ground, the two may profitably be used in conjunction, and should stand side by side on all library shelves. The necessary exclusion of dramatic poetry from the plan seems to us to leave an opening for an interesting collection of dramatic scenes from the Victorian poets, which would complete the material for a swift survey of the English poetic literature of the period.

Cherbuliez's "La Vocation du Comte Ghislain"*

'MONSIEUR le Maréchal, on n'est pas heureux à notre âge,' said Louis XIV. to Villeroy, who had lost the battle of Ramillies. The same excuse may be made for M. Cherbuliez's last novel, 'La Vocation du Comte Ghislain': it is a failure—the last drop pressed from a vein that has already yielded its full. The title of the story leads us to expect something in harmony with the growing earnestness of the age, but disappoints us in the end. Count Ghislain is a young nobleman disgusted with the frivolity of his surroundings and trying to rise above them. Son of a profligate father and having a coquette for a mother, he scorns the ways of the world, and turns to philosophy for relief. The *mise en scène* still denotes the firm hand of the artist: correct drawing, effective grouping, true coloring, lights and shades well distributed. The Marquis and his wife contrast well with the Trélazés, and the demi-monde females who form the background of the picture serve as a foil to the honest Abbé; but the composition lacks a sufficiently strong foundation to support the fabric. The 'vocation,' upon which it turns, ends in a fizzle.

As we have said, the hero, Count Ghislain, disgusted with the world, turns to philosophy. He engages a tutor to instruct him in the science of languages. This tutor, the Mephisto of the story, a sort of *roué manqué* (*manqué* for want of easy opportunities), becomes the young nobleman's constant companion. The two pull well together; better than Faust and his demon-friend. In the meantime the Count in search of his 'vocation,' makes the acquaintance of a learned Abbé, brother of his neighbor, Baron Trélazé, and the two discuss religion and philosophy together. The Count is deep in metaphysics, and his 'vocation' begins to take a certain shape, when lo! a figure steps forward and the philosophic charm is broken. Lea, the Baron's eldest daughter, accidentally crosses his path. They fall unconsciously in love with each other; and around these unconscious lovers the rest of the personages are made to move. Their love does not remain long unconscious, however; they soon find each other out, and a tacit engagement takes place. The 'voca-

tion' of the Count is fixed; he will marry Lea. He gives a great *fête* in her honor, and the *fête* turns into a tragedy. The Marchioness, the Count's mother, whom he has made the confidant of his love, is, by an untoward accident—the falling of a lamp—burnt to death. This event throws the Count back into his former state of melancholy, and he signifies to Lea that he breaks with the world forever. He prepares for the priesthood, and starts for Algeria, the field of action of his friend the Abbé. Behold him, now, apprentice missionary. But this does not enter into the plans of his companion, the tutor, who manages to frustrate his pupil's purpose. He brings the demi-monde, hitherto lurking in the background, to the front. Even the desert is not safe from French intrigue. The Count falls into the snare, and discovers that after all his 'vocation' is not the priesthood. He returns to his thought of marriage with Lea; but Lea is no longer free; she is engaged to his father. The Marquis, after having properly mourned his first wife, has turned to his neighbor's daughter for a second. Lea is given twenty-four hours to think the matter over; and comes to the conclusion that it would be folly to lose such a chance. She accepts; and Count Ghislain just arrives to be present at the wedding. His 'vocation' after all is not marriage, it would seem. Yet one last interview between him and his love decides the matter. They meet unawares, come to an understanding, and are surprised in their *tête-à-tête* by the aged Marquis, who receives therefrom his death-shock. Tragic tableau! Then follows a patching-up of the situation. The Abbé imposes a period of expiation, and the marriage between Lea and the Count is duly performed.

Victor Cherbuliez has done good work in fiction. His novels have a certain literary refinement, and bear witness to the profound crudition and excellent art-criticism which characterized his earlier contributions to the *Revue Germanique*. His 'Apropos d'un Chevad,' 'La Folie du Tasse,' and others, were full of a promise which he has not since fulfilled; perhaps for the same reason as in the case of Zola, whose literary beginnings also tended ideal-ward: it did not pay. The world at large wants to be amused, not instructed; and certainly Cherbuliez's subsequent works have done much in the direction of amusement. But it is a dangerous thing for even a popular author to harp too long on the same string, and 'Count Ghislain's Vocation' gives every evidence of that string being worn out.

Edgar Saltus's "Eden"*

THE Garden of Eden is not the scene of Edgar Saltus's latest book, or if it is, it is only after shame has invaded the blissful spot, and sin claimed it as her estate. Mr. Saltus is not given to singing 'songs of innocence'; his way does not lie through the terrestrial paradise. 'Eden' takes its name from that of its heroine—a wilful, unnatural, passionate girl, who sways under her moods like a reed in the wind, knowing no law but impulse. Some people have been pleased to call Mr. Saltus the American Zola. Apart from the great disparity in their genius—with all due respect for the American writer's talents—the author of the 'Rougon-Macquart' series and the author of 'Tristrem Varick' no more resemble each other than water resembles wine. Whoever knows anything of the man Zola, or has made a dispassionate study of his works, knows him to be terribly in earnest, and however intemperate and mistaken in his methods, still an advocate of reform. He makes vice loathsome, not engaging. Mr. Saltus, on the other hand, dwells upon the readiness with which we all 'endure, then pity, then embrace.' All, mark you; for the race that fell in Adam still lacks redemption. We are taught that we are helpless to raise ourselves above the level of a depraved humanity.

But though we may sneer at Mr. Saltus's immaturity and laugh at his unsound philosophy, he holds dangerous weapons in his hand. One of these is the epigram, than which there is no more fatal vehicle for carrying poison, by reason

* La Vocation du Comte Ghislain. Par Victor Cherbuliez. New York: Wm. R. Jenkins.

* Eden. By Edgar Saltus. 50 cts. Chicago: Belford, Clarke & Co.

of its brilliant speciousness. Of this he is something of a master. There is a certain dash in his writings; there is some subtlety, too, and an unquestioned charm of style. But it is melancholy to see a young man so gifted deliberately abuse such faculties, deliberately misdirect such talents. The man who can describe plastron of opals by the glint of absinthe in it has the gift of a poet; but when he speaks of the sun going down in cataracts of champagne, he deals in banalities. He who can say that 'Charity is the history of the New Testament written in one word' is again a poet, and says truth; but when he writes that 'Hypocrisy is Christianity's most admirable invention,' he is a charlatan, and speaks what is untrue. When he portrays a scene like that unfinished one between Eden and John Usselex, he proves himself capable of the conception of a high and ideal love, but in publishing his heroine's apostrophe to her Creator, he utters blasphemy. That such persons live among us as Laura Manhattan and Dugald Maule, we are only too well aware, but that they should be lugged into a book for no purpose at all but to disclose their moral leprosy, is unpardonable. The *tête-à-tête* between Eden Usselex and Laura Manhattan distills an insidious poison, and Maule's conversation in Eden's drawing-room is brutal. Mr. Saltus has gained a fictitious popularity, and the falseness of his position is patent to any sensible person who has read his books. With his manifest gifts and the hold he has obtained, he has it in his power to achieve a worthy career; but this he will never do by his present methods. Pessimism is a luxury in which few persons can afford to indulge; most men find life more or less worth living, and do not relish the poor compliment this writer pays them when he paints them as craven, one and all. Among a whole city-full Mr. Saltus can not find the one man who will redeem it. This is a very sad state for one so young as he, and the only thing that relieves its gloom, is the feeling that he is not sincere. In the book under discussion there is not an upright character. The two creations who might defy this statement are but lay-figures, good only in a negative way. Is Mr. Saltus conscious of himself when he makes Laura Manhattan say of a young novelist in the story, 'He uses words I don't understand and tells of things I don't want to'? The characterization is not half bad, any way.

Philip Bourke Marston's "Song-Tide"*

IT IS A tiny book in which William Sharp has gathered up his friend's verse and added thereto a touching memorial of the poet's brief life. To a majority of people the slight biography will be of greater interest than the poetry, for it has the human cry in it which is lacking in the verse. It is the fashion now in speaking of the dead poet to contradict the prevalent idea that his existence was a joyless one, a life of never-lifting shadows. That it knew many pleasures this little memorial will tell us, but it does not show that happiness was its portion. The loss of sight would seem to most persons a blow bitter enough to blast any life; but when, in addition to this, death stole from him, one by one, mother, brother, sisters, sweetheart and friend, it is hard to believe that his cup of sorrow was not filled to the brim. It is not the record of a life to interest us by the history of its strife and battle with the world, but its monotone of sweetness, blamelessness and pathos will endear it to every reader of his sonnets. It is almost pitiful to read of his sojourn with his sister in Italy: of his viewing Florence from Bellosguardo, and glorying in the prospect; of his floating in a gondola at Venice, rapt in the splendor of sunsets on the lagoons. He saw all this through his beloved Cicely. When she died, he was doubly blind. His poetry lacks the quality that gives long life to verse, but there is one poem to this same sister—to her who was 'more than any sister ever was to any brother,'—which for fervor and beauty ought to live forever; and a sonnet, 'Thou and I,' which not only for

its perfect structure, but for its spiritual beauty, its holy utterance, should be enough to immortalize his memory. A half-dozen other sonnets, such as 'Met Before' and 'My Grave,' are fraught with deep feeling and tenderness, and many in the series called 'Song-Tide' and 'All in All' touch us keenly by their earnestness and sentiment. But deeply impressive as is the outward beauty in much of the work, it is devitalized by the absence of spontaneity and strength. The note is too often false, the philosophy unsound, the conceptions morbid, the diction and phraseology artificial and monotonous. Much of all this naturally grows out of the peculiar conditions of the poet's life, but these defects were greatly and unfortunately exaggerated by the emasculating influences of pre-Raphaelitism, to which he was born a thrall. But for the sake of a score of almost faultlessly beautiful poems, and for the endearing personality of the dead poet, there will be a little nook on many a book-shelf open to this dainty duodecimo.

"Christianity in the United States"*

WHILE GEN. F. A. WALKER and Col. Carroll Wright busy themselves with the statistics of political economy, the genial Methodist pastor of Boston is hard at work among the figures that stand for churches and their communicants. He has lived among the Arabic numerals, diagrams, colored spaces, tables and shaded lines, until these are nearly as real symbols of fact as flesh and blood originals. Like a Napoleon amid his maps, we should not be surprised to hear that his pin-heads are colored according to the tinge or tincture usually associated with the tenets of the sects. To witness his stern joy in constructing these diagrams, and all kinds of statistical battle-plans and lines of graphic engineering, carries into his hearers the infection of zeal for figures and tables. His dialect, too, in which he transfers the current coinage of contemporary politics into grave discussions of the 'isms' and reforms, sins and virtues, resources spiritual and financial of the various churches, makes his topic surprisingly fresh and fascinating.

One is not, therefore, much surprised to find that in this portly and handsome volume, the author has a method of making readable a subject naturally associated with formidable details. His eloquence even in figures has a Gladstonian flavor. He argues the pros and cons of Roman Catholicism and of Unitarianism as if he were a Greek Churchman or a Universalist. In a word, the vast subject seems to be handled fairly. His matter is arranged chronologically under two grand divisions, 'The Colonial Era' and 'The National Era.' In treating of customs and morals he lets the strict facts show for themselves that the fathers were remarkably like their children, and quite equal to them in most sins and peccadilloes, while very wrong-headed and pertinacious in some lines quite unknown to our decades. Quite interesting are those historic sketches of lines of thoughts and currents of opinion, which receive fuller treatment in the second part of the work, such as Unitarianism, Universalism, Swedenborgianism, Shakerism, the French-American Infidelity, etc. The great reform movements, in behalf of temperance, anti-slavery and the Sabbath, are likewise treated of from their inception to their present phases. Skepticism, Socialism and Mormonism come under the editorial microscope, and are described. Under the head of 'The Roman Catholic Church,' we have the problem of the relation of our American common school system to that of a powerful religious organization in opposition to them, treated with ability and clearness. Indeed, we may say that almost every phase of movement in religious thought in our century is reported. While writing from the point of view of an evangelical Christian, we cannot but commend the fairmindedness of the writer, who marshalls his facts, but usually refrains from judgments. He does not pretend to go 'beyond the returns,' but accepts the figures

* Song-Tide. Poems by Philip B. Marston. Edited, with introductory Memoir, by Wm. Sharp. 40 cents. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

* Christianity in the United States. By the Rev. Daniel Dorchester, D.D. \$4.50. New York: Phillips & Hunt.

of each denomination as set down in their year-books and other publications. Very cheering to the lover of his country is the final summing-up in which Dr. Dorchester reads the lessons of hope, and sounds a bugle-call for faith in free religion of the right sort, and faith in free government of the true type. "Self-poise is one of the best tests of moral progress. How much greater the self-control of the American people now, than from seventy to one hundred years ago. . . . Men with elevated ideas need no overawing forces to restrain them." We are glad to find in this book a well-made index.

"The Bible Doctrine of Inspiration"*

THE first thing to be said about this book is that it is written in an admirable temper. The author, who is a Professor in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, at Louisville, Ky., is courteous and dignified. There is no heresy-hunting, no pugnacity, no insinuation. At the same time, and very much in consequence of its temperate tone, it is a strong book. It expresses decided convictions, and expresses them clearly and compactly. Its positions command respect, by reason of the frankness with which they are taken, and the firmness with which they are maintained. They are not novel. The author holds to the current theory of a 'plenary' inspiration, involving absolute freedom from error in the original Scripture writings. This doctrine he states moderately and fairly, but with precision and with confidence, and arrays in its favor the usual arguments, which, common as they are, have evidently been shaped by his own mind. Two or three questions suggest themselves, both as to the theory, and as to Dr. Manly's defence of it—questions which he has anticipated, but hardly met. The first is a question of fact: Are there no real or probable discrepancies in the Bible, judging by the ordinary laws of evidence, which militate against the theory of 'plenary' inspiration? The next question is this: Do we not, in the presence of what at least are apparent discrepancies, impose an undue burden upon faith, by hanging belief in divine revelation upon the assumed unreality of all these discrepancies? The next is this: Is not the *practical* need that of divine authority in the Bible we have (with all its transmissional errors, which the author admits), rather than that of a divine authority in the lost originals alone? The last is this: Is there no other and securer basis of confidence in a divine revelation through human agents than the absolute freedom of those agents from all, even the smallest, mistakes?

Recent Historical Books†

THE first place among this year's contributions to English history is unhesitatingly to be assigned to Mr. Frederic Harrison's life of 'Oliver Cromwell' (1), the latest issue in the new series of 'Twelve English Statesmen,' the earliest volumes of which have already been reviewed in these columns. We have often called attention to the distressingly—perhaps necessarily—great disparity of merit between the various volumes of the multiplying historical or biographical series now a distinct literary fashion of the time; but not often does the excellence of any one of them reach the high point here attained by Mr. Harrison. His finished literary style, his firm delineative touch, and his discriminating balance of estimate are well known to many readers, who regret that so much of his time should be wasted in barren and profitless polemics, instead of being devoted to the enrichment of literature proper. Not since Mr. Churton Collins's 'Bolingbroke'

has so brilliant and solid a biography appeared as this which Mr. Harrison devotes to the career of Cromwell, which he newly illuminates by a strong and steady yet artistic light. Henceforth any writer who seeks to overthrow Cromwell's position as one of the greatest of the world's constructive statesmen will have to begin by attempting the hard task of refuting this book, in which Mr. Harrison masses clear statements in an argument of great strength. The book cannot be ignored by any student of history.

Had Cromwell lived, Mr. Harrison conjectures, he would have maintained his power, and possibly 'England might have been spared the ignominy and the blood of the restored Stuarts; the long English Revolution might have been a gradual and peaceful evolution from a feudal to an industrial, from a mediæval to a modern polity; and the great chief of the Commonwealth might have peacefully handed over a new and grander England to the great Founder of our Constitutional Monarchy.' This seems high praise for 'William III.' (2), whose life had previously been added to the same series by Mr. H. D. Traill. Mr. Traill, in his closing pages, makes the same claim for William somewhat more modestly and by implication rather than absolute statement. The union of two competent writers in the assertion gives it an added strength, but it will hardly be accepted hereafter, as it has not been hitherto. The truth seems to be that William deftly adapted himself and his kingdom, so far as he could, to certain movements of his time, yet in such wise as to control those movements in some degree. Mr. Traill writes impartially and clearly; that his book falls below Harrison's 'Cromwell' and Freeman's 'William the Conqueror' is not wholly due, of course, to the author's inferiority of knowledge and literary skill. A certain caution must be observed by readers of all books of this sort, lest they follow too closely the temptation, shown by each writer, to magnify the particular subject and his times. Perhaps Mr. Harrison has yielded somewhat to this tendency, but, as has been said, he makes unquestionable facts themselves seem to fight his argumentative battle, so that the burden of proof henceforth must rest on Cromwell's critics.

Another useful series, 'English History from Contemporary Writers,' makes good progress in its third and fourth issues. Head-master F. P. Barnard, of Reading School, edits from many contemporary records and documents, in prose and verse, an entertaining body of selections portraying 'Strongbow's Conquest of Ireland' (3) and the state of the country in the Twelfth Century; and the Rev. W. H. Hutton, of St. John's College, Oxford, similarly sets before us old pictures of 'Simon de Monfort and his Cause' (4). These inexpensive and well-printed booklets may do excellent service in stimulating young readers and college students to learn to use contemporary authorities with enthusiasm and discretion. Mr. Barnard's book on Ireland is full of interesting and poetically graphic touches and descriptions, some of which are an illumination of our study of Parnell's Ireland and Gladstone's home-rule plans.

Had these old accounts of Irish folk-lore, character, institutions, and struggles fallen into the hands of the late J. R. Green, when a boy, they would have delighted him more than the 'Mabinogion' or 'The Arabian Nights.' In her introduction to the new and thoroughly revised edition of Green's 'Short History of the English People' (5) the historian's widow gives a touching account of her husband's early emancipation from the mechanical dry-as-dust system of historical study in the Oxford of his birth; his growth above Toryism and High Churchism; his eager interest in the town history and social evolution of Oxfordshire; and his writing of a book now everywhere known and valued, in weariness, poverty and fatal illness. Important, too, is Mrs. Green's statement that Dr. Green deemed Gibbon, Hume, and Macaulay, whatever their differences and demerits, his legitimate predecessors as social and philosophical historians. It looks as if it might be ultimately acknowledged that Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall'—the limitations of which

* The Bible Doctrine of Inspiration. By Basil Manly, D.D. \$1.25. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

† 1. Oliver Cromwell. By Frederic Harrison. 60 cts. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 2. William III. By H. D. Traill. 60 cts. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 3. Strongbow's Conquest of Ireland. Edited by Francis Pierpont Barnard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 4. Simon de Monfort and his Cause. Selected and arranged by Rev. W. H. Hutton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5. A Short History of the English People. By John Richard Green. Revised edition. \$1.20. New York: Harper & Brothers. 6. History of Prussia under Frederic the Great. Vols. II. and III. By Herbert Tuttle. \$2.25 per vol. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

every scholar knows—is the greatest historical work as yet produced by the mind of man. As for the revision in this new edition of Green, it is chiefly a thorough adoption, in the smaller and more famous work, of the changes or modifications introduced by the historian in his larger 'History of the English People,' at first designed to be but a new edition. In brief, it has every merit save that of a picturesque and vigorous style. In typographical form this revised edition is unfortunately inferior to the American reprint which it displaces. As often happens in the case of plates made in London and printed here, the impression lacks grip; and the lines are so long that the eye wearies as it turns from the end of one to the beginning of another.

Prof. Herbert Tuttle, of Cornell, continues his history of Prussia (of which the first one-volume instalment was a 'History of Prussia to the Accession of Frederic the Great') in two more volumes devoted to the 'History of Prussia under Frederic the Great' (6). The first covers the period 1740-1745; the second, 1745-1756. Inferior, of course, to Carlyle in vivid and world-famous characterizations and silhouette-portraits, Prof. Tuttle still makes diligent and effective use of the wide stores of material accumulated since Carlyle's day; but the chief distinction of his book is that it shows what Prussian society was before and under Frederic, and how it was related, as prophecy, to the society of modern Germany. The work, though without conspicuous merits, is well done. The public is so accustomed to read its standard histories in octavos that we fear that these modest duodecimos will escape just notice, especially as the publishers make the mistake of binding the several instalments in different colors.

Recent Fiction

'TENTING AT STONY BEACH,' by Maria Louise Pool, is one of those delightful camping-out repasts which vacationists are ever ready to serve to the stay-at-homes, and in which they make a great show of plums in the hope of diverting our attention from the more prosaic pudding. Not but that certain conditions might have been altered to the manifest comfort of the two courageous young women—namely, a permanent attack of rheumatism for officious, gossiping Capt. Asel, a dory warranted (like the little, weighted pith men) to turn right side up, and fewer South winds that set the 'ma'sh as-mellin'; but it is with such unflinching humor and good nature that they turn their misadventures into adventures, that one is led to believe tenting on the South Shore, with a dog for protection and an oil-stove as one's Lares and Penates, the most delightful form of existence. The record of her eight or ten weeks' camping is a charming bit of writing, and it is with a tender fancy and a droll sense of the incongruous that the author has described what she saw of the life of the simple fisher-folk about her. The 'chipping up of Mr. Simms' will long remain fresh in our memory. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

'A LITTLE MAID OF ACADIE,' by Marian C. L. Reeves, is one of those pretty butterfly romances, whose fate is to please for the hour and then, like their prototype, fade softly out of life. Its ephemeral quality is due partly to the uncertain relationship of the characters which one never wholly clears up, and partly to the ambiguous sentiments which they express for each other. While we are speculating on just the true state of affairs in this family feud, our hold is apt to slacken on the threads of the story, which in a mesh so slight needs a tight grasp. It is a dainty little wood-fay, however, this maid of Acadie, and the breath of her native pines and cedars seems somehow to have been imprisoned in the leaves of the book. The story belongs to D. Appleton & Co.'s delightful Gainsborough Series. (25 cts.)

IT IS ONE of those freaks of fate that the author of the 'Development of Religious Belief' has become known to most American readers by what might be called his literary avocation. But certain it is that Mr. S. Baring-Gould's title to contemporary fame is owing very largely to his romances (novels they scarcely can be called). He must himself recognize and enjoy the paradox, for he has a *penchant* for paradoxes, if we may judge from his stories. The significant idea of his fiction is the perception of some unquestioned truth of character or life, which is then led up to the dizzy verge of absurdity—all consistency being sacrificed to the element of entertainment. He has a fine vein of odd fancy, a fertile origin-

ality, and a decided charm of style. 'Eve,' while having the character, lacks something of the exquisite humor of his other tales; but it has the same freshness of detail, and Eve herself is the embodiment of natural and delightful irresponsibility—quite the typical Eve, in fact. (50 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)

Minor Notices

'WHAT SHALL MAKE US WHOLE?' is a neatly-printed little book, written by Helen Bigelow Merriman, in the interests of 'Mental Healing.' Like most works of this sort it is a conglomerate of truth and error. There is more calmness and considerateness and a higher tone in the little treatise than in many of its kind. There are speculative and doctrinal evils in the whole literature of which it is a specimen, and there are most obvious practical evils. Which are the greater, we will not now discuss. But we confess that while we can endure to hear such ill-balanced statements as that 'disease is not a reality,' and that 'sickness and death are not the will of God,' we long for the severest gag-law when we are told 'that all material remedies are useless if not mischievous.' (Boston: Cupples & Hurd.)—'BETTER NOT' is 'a discussion of certain social customs,' by Dr. (now Bishop) John H. Vincent. The customs which he criticises are those of 'social wine-drinking, card-playing, theatre-going and dancing.' He writes with energy and thorough conviction. It is always honorable to a man to stand up loyally for his opinions; yet we hope it will not be considered to betoken a wilful closing of the eyes to social dangers, if we say that we have much more faith in discrimination and temperateness as safeguards, than in prohibition. (50 cts. Funk & Wagnalls.)—IN THESE days of Sunday-school primers, the New Church is not to be left behind. 'Our Heavenly Father's Book,' by William B. Hayden, deals, in Part II., now before us, with the New Testament, and the writings of the early Fathers, outlining the books treated of, and giving much information in a straightforward way. There is little that is obtrusively denominational, and the tiny volume will compare well with most of its class. (50 cts. The New-Church Board of Publication.)—It is very difficult to condense history and leave it interesting. The Rev. A. C. Jennings has not wholly succeeded in this task, in his 'Manual of Church History.' Vol. II. covers nine centuries in 236 pages, and many important epochs furnish but dry reading. Mr. Jennings means, no doubt, to be fair, but is not always so. His book is by no means serviceable for America, for the reason (if there were no other) that he seems to be hardly aware that America has any Church history. (75 cts. New York: T. Whittaker.)

THERE is a great accumulation of facts in Edward Ingle's little pamphlet, 'The Historic Basis of the Title of the Protestant Episcopal Church,' and facts so grouped as to present a strong argument. The author shows clearly that 'Protestant Episcopal' is a term not only significant in itself, but corresponding to historic truth, and possessing real historic usage and value. The argument is all the stronger to thoughtful persons from the fact that there is no pleading. It should have weight with those who have been trying, in the face of a strong opposition, to change the name of a venerable Church. The term 'Protestant' is, no doubt, intrinsically unsatisfactory; true Christianity is better characterized by what it advocates than by what it opposes. Still, the name is an inheritance, and is full of rich meaning, and should not be discarded without at least a clear look at the reasons which led to its adoption and perpetuation. (15 cts. Baltimore: George Lycett.)

THERE is no time like the old time, and we are apt to look back at the past through glasses of rose color. The author of 'Social Life and Literature Fifty Years Ago' cherishes tender memories of the days that are not, and has little relish for the irreverent tone which many of the younger generation assume towards the men and the times of his youth. Sneer as they may at that epoch of small things, it was not such a barren, negative existence they led under Tippecanoe and Tyler too, and much that we call progress now they would have deemed retrogression. They were not used to beguile the unwary reader into a newspaper sensation, a column long, and then haul him up suddenly against a denouement in the way of a patent-medicine advertisement, or a 'boom' for Lola Montez cream. Canada was then a foreign country, not yet annexed to the States as a sanitarium for 'boodles' Aldermen. They played 'three old cat' in those days, and didn't know a 'fly' from a 'grounder.' They hadn't even the Faith-Cure or the Salvation Army. Pitiably primitives! Mr. Henry James and Mr. George Parsons Lathrop are singled out as the most flagrant breakers of the Fifth Commandment, the author manifesting a strong inclination to shake them for their presumptuous irreverence. One needs not to be three-score and ten to share his irritation at Mr. James's attitude toward what he calls the provincialism of New England in

Hawthorne's youth, or his good-natured resentment of Mr. Lathrop's effort to deshrine Irving. In speaking of James's portrait of Hawthorne, where he says that the latter could spend an evening very enjoyably in turning over Flaxman's outlines, the author wonders if it would not 'be prudent for Mr. James to consider the bare possibility, that the coming half-century may witness such an advance from the culture of the present day, that equal surprise and commiseration may be excited by the thought of devoting an evening to the perusal of the fortunes of Daisy Miller.' Not a weak blow that, for a man whose youth was fifty years ago. And so old-fashioned is his taste that he still prefers the writings of Irving to those of Mr. Lathrop. A bright little book it is, and specially commendable for its healthful Americanism. (\$1. Cupples & Hurd.)

IT IS NEARLY a quarter of a century now since Robert Carter's 'Summer Cruise on the Coast of New England' made its first appearance. While the author's name is still a familiar one in the annals of politics and journalism, most people have forgotten his one book. Cupples & Hurd have thought it worth while to bring it before the public again this summer, and have issued it in a very convenient and attractive form—in good big print, that the traveller can read with comfort on a jolting train or a rolling yacht. The frontispiece is a capital one in the way of an explanatory chart. The work supplies that place between the colorless hand-book of statistics and the ponderous descriptive folio. Bright, 'paragraphic' and entertaining, it is an admirable addition to the geographical story of the 'stern and rock-bound coast.' (\$1.50.)—'WHY WE BELIEVE THE BIBLE' is a handy, compact manual, by J. P. T. Ingraham, S.T.D., which gives the essence of a theological education. It treats of the history of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, the doctrines taught therein, the spread of the Gospel, the growth of the Church. In a small appendix, it answers objections. It is a creditable piece of scholarship, which if widely read would greatly deplete Col. Ingersoll's audiences. (30 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)—'THE FIELD-INGERSOLL DISCUSSION; or, Faith or Agnosticism' is pamphleted by *The North American Review*, and all who enjoy such reading can here revel in the effusions of these rival theologians. Col. Ingersoll, being a stalwart upholder of the theory of verbal inspiration, is too orthodox for us to enjoy, even if we appreciated, as we fear we do not, his turgid rhetoric. The 'New Theology,' so called, threatens to spoil his trade and income. As to Dr. Field, we can read his charming books of travel, where he is natural and winsome, but in his polemics, despite his 'Dear Colonel,' we find him dull. The pamphlet, however, will have its public. (50 cts.)

To William Morris

THY luckless wanderers, Poet, sought a land
Of timeless ease, where aye the fields are green,—
Where flowers know not the touch of winter's hand,
And hills and valleys glow in changeless sheen,—
Where Age can never come, and Love is queen.
World-worn we too seek peace and sun-lit skies,
And find—thy book an Earthly Paradise.

M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE, JR.

Amélie Rives and her Editor

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

From various reports that have reached me, I find stories are privately circulated and have gained wide credence, that the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine* had to cut out a considerable portion of 'The Quick or the Dead?' that was 'much worse than any part of the work that was printed.' Some people have even carried their vanity or their malice so far as to invent imaginary scenes, dialogues and incidents which they declare were edited out of the manuscript.

These stories are all false. The manuscript of 'The Quick or the Dead?' was set up exactly as received, a few alterations here and there were suggested in proof, and acceded to by the authoress, but the entire corrections would not altogether have made so much as four lines of printed matter. As some of the reports of which I speak are simply shocking, as they are utterly false, and as they all claim to come from good authority, I should be glad to have you give currency to this general denial.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 6, 1888.

WILLIAM S. WALSH.

Editor *Lippincott's Magazine*.

The Dinner to American Authors

THE dinner of the Incorporated Society of Authors, on July 25, was given to the 'American Men and Women of Letters' who happened to be in London on that date. These, and their compatriots who also attended the dinner, were the Hon. Jas. Russell Lowell, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Prof. S. P. Langley, Olive Logan, Edwin A. Abbey, George H. Boughton, F. D. Millet, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell, F. H. Underwood, Arthur G. Sedgwick, Louise Chandler Moulton, George W. Smalley, Mr. and Mrs. Brander Matthews, G. H. Putnam, James R. Osgood, Gen. McClurg, Dr. Charles Waldstein, Consul-General Walker, A. C. Armstrong, and Mr. Crosswell. Bret Harte and J. McN. Whistler disappointed the company at the last moment.

Lord Tennyson, the Society's President, telegraphed 'warmest greetings to our American guests,' and James Bryce, M.P., presided in the Laureate's absence. His first toast, to 'The Queen and the President of the United States,' was replied to in a brief but vigorous speech by Consul-General Walker. His second, 'Literature,' which revealed a wide knowledge of cis-Atlantic authors, gave Mr. Lowell the text for a short half-hour's address in his happiest manner. The speaker looked far from well, but spoke with all his wonted charm on such occasions. Mr. Matthews then proposed the health of the hosts of the evening—the Incorporated Society. Walter Besant briefly responded, dwelling especially on the extraordinary extension of the audience to which an author who writes English now appeals, and the still greater extension certain in the immediate future. A further reply was made by Mr. Underdown, Q. C., Hon. Counsel to the Society. Prof. Langley's shyness prevented a reply to 'American Men of Science,' proposed by Prof. Michael Foster, Secretary of the Royal Society, whose remarks were few but very cordial, especially his references to Prof. Langley and the late Prof. Asa Gray. Mrs. Burnett declined to speak; but Mrs. Moulton found a tongue to acknowledge the compliments paid to American poets, particularly Mr. Whittier and Dr. Holmes, in a charming little toast-making speech by Edmund Gosse. Puffing away at his cigar, Edmund Yates, editor of the *London World*, proposed the health of his fellow-novelists on this side of the Atlantic, and F. H. Underwood took Mr. Harte's place in replying. Finally, Prof. Frederick Pollock proposed 'Historians and the Chairman'—Prof. Bryce—in a really brilliant speech, one of the best of the evening. The whole affair was excellently managed, and proved to be a great success. A stenographer was present, and a full report of the speeches will be published in the fall.

Before reproducing Mr. Lowell's remarks, we may say, parenthetically, that the supporters of the International Copyright bill in the House do not despair of its coming to a vote and being passed before Congress adjourns. Mr. Lowell said:

I confess that I rise under a certain oppression. There was a time when I went to make an after-dinner speech with a light heart, and when on my way to the dinner I could think over my exordium in my cab and trust to the spur of the moment for the rest of my speech. But I find as I grow older a certain aphasia overtakes me, a certain inability to find the right word precisely when I want it; and I find also that my flank becomes less sensitive to the exhilarating influences of that spur to which I have just alluded. I had pretty well made up my mind not to make any more after-dinner speeches. I had an impression that I had made quite enough of them for a wise man to speak, and perhaps more than it was profitable for other wise men to listen to. I confess that it was with some reluctance that I consented to speak at all to-night. I had been bethinking me of the old proverb of the pitcher and well which is mentioned, as you remember, in the proverb; and it was not altogether a consolation to me to think that that pitcher, which goes once too often to the well, belongs to the class which is taxed by another proverb with too great length of ears. But I could not resist. I certainly felt that it was my duty not to refuse myself to an occasion like this—an occasion which deliberately emphasizes, as well as expresses, that good feeling between our two countries which, I think, every good man in both of

them is desirous to deepen and to increase. If I look back to anything in my life with satisfaction, it is to the fact that I myself have, in some degree, contributed—and I hope I may believe the saying to be true—to this good feeling. You alluded, Mr. Chairman, to a date which gave me, I must confess, what we call on the other side of the water 'a rather large contract.' I am to reply, I am to answer to literature, and I must confess that a person like myself, who first appeared in print 50 years ago, would hardly wish to be answerable for all his own literature, not to speak of the literature of other people. But your allusion to 60 years ago reminded me of something which struck me as I looked down these tables.

Sixty years ago the two authors you mentioned, Irving and Cooper, were the only two American authors of whom anything was known in Europe, and the knowledge of them in Europe was mainly confined to England. It is true that Bryant's 'Water-Fowl' had already begun its flight in immortal air, but these were the only two American authors that could be said to be known in England. And what is even more remarkable, they were the only American authors at that time—there were, and had been, others known to us at home—who were capable of earning their bread by their pens. Another singular change is suggested to me as I look down these tables, and that is the singular contrast they afford between the time when Johnson wrote his famous lines about those ills that assail the life of the scholar, and by the scholar he meant the author—

Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol.

And I confess when I remember that verse it strikes me as a singular contrast that I should meet with a body of authors who are able to offer a dinner instead of begging one; that I have sat here and seen 'forty feeding like one,' when one hundred years ago the one fed like forty when he had the chance. You have alluded also, in terms which I shall not qualify, to my own merits. You have made me feel a little as if I were a ghost revisiting the pale glimpses of the moon, and reading with considerable wonder my own epitaph. But you have done me more than justice in attributing so much to me with regard to International Copyright. You are quite right in alluding to Mr. Putnam, who, I think, wrote the best pamphlet that has been written on the subject; and there are others you did not name who also deserve far more than I do for the labor they have expended and the zeal they have shown on behalf of International Copyright, particularly the secretaries of our international society—Mr. Lathrop and Mr. G. W. Green. And since I could not very well avoid touching upon the subject of International Copyright, I must say that all American authors without exception have been in favor of it on the moral ground, on the ground of simple justice to English authors. But there were a great many local, topical considerations, as our ancestors used to call them, that we were obliged to take into account, and which, perhaps, you do not feel as keenly here as we did. But I think we may say that the almost unanimous conclusion of American authors latterly has been that we should be thankful to get any bill that recognized the principle of international copyright, being confident that its practical application would so recommend it to the American people that we should get afterwards, if not every amendment of it that we desire, at least every one that is humanly possible. I think that perhaps a little injustice has been done to our side of the question; I think a little more heat has been imported into it than was altogether wise. I am not so sure that our American publishers were so much more wicked than their English brethren would have been if they had had the chance. I cannot, I confess, accept with patience any imputation that implies that there is anything in our climate or in our form of government that tends to produce a lower standard of morality than in other countries. The fact is that it has been partly due to a certain—may I speak of our ancestors as having been qualified by a certain dulness? I mean no disrespect, but I think it is due to the stupidity of our ancestors in making a distinction between literary property and other property. That has been at the root of the whole evil. I, of course, understand, as everybody understands, that all property is the creature of municipal law. But you must remember that it is the conquest of civilization, that when property passes beyond the boundaries of that *municipium* it is still sacred. It is not even yet sacred in all respects and conditions. Literature, the property in an idea, has been something that it is very difficult for the average man to comprehend. It is not difficult for the average man to comprehend that there may be property in a form which genius or talent gives to an idea. He can see it. It is visible and palpable this property in an idea when it is exemplified in a machine, but it is hardly so apprehensible when it is subtly interferred in literature. Books have always been looked on somewhat as *fera natura*, and if you have ever preserved pheasants you know that when they fly over your neighbor's boundaries he may take a pot shot at them. I remem-

ber that something more than 30 years ago Longfellow, my friend and neighbor, asked me to come and eat a game pie with him. Longfellow's books had been sold in England by the tens of thousands, and that game pie—and you will observe the felicity of its being a game pie, *fera natura* always you see—was the only honorarium he had ever received from this country for reprinting his works. I cannot help feeling as I stand here that there is something especially—I might almost use a cant word and say monumentally—interesting in a meeting like this. It is the first time that English and American authors, so far as I know, have come together in any numbers, I was going to say to fraternize when I remembered that I ought perhaps to add to 'sororize.' We, of course, have no desire, no sensible man in England or America has any desire to enforce this fraternization at the point of the bayonet. Let us go on criticising each other; it is good for both of us. We Americans have been sometimes charged with being a little too sensitive; but perhaps a little indulgence may be due to those who always have their faults told to them, and the reference to whose virtues perhaps is sometimes conveyed in a foot-note in small print. I think that both countries have a sufficiently good opinion of themselves to have a fairly good opinion of each other. They can afford it; and if difficulties arise between the two countries, as they unhappily may—and when you alluded just now to what De Tocqueville said in 1828 you must remember that it was only 13 years after our war,—you must remember how long it has been to get in the thin end of the wedge of International Copyright; you must remember it took our diplomacy nearly 100 years to enforce its generous principle of the alienable allegiance, and that the greater part of the bitterness which De Tocqueville found in 1828 was due to the impressment of American seamen, of whom something like 1,500 were serving on board English ships when at last they were delivered. These things should be remembered, not with resentment but for enlightenment. But whatever difficulties occurred between the two countries, and there may be difficulties that are serious, I do not think there will be any which good sense and good feeling cannot settle. I think I have been told often enough to remember that my countrymen are apt to think that they are in the right, that they are always in the right; that they are apt to look at their side of the question only. Now, this conduces certainly to peace of mind and imperturbability of judgment, whatever other merits it may have. I am sure I do not know where we got it. Do you? I also sympathize most heartily with what has been said by the chairman with regard to the increasing love for England among my countrymen. I find on inquiry that they stop longer and in greater numbers every year in the old home, and feel more deeply its manifold charms. They also are beginning to feel that London is the centre of the races that speak English, very much in the sense that Rome was the centre of the ancient world. And I confess that I never think of London, which I also confess that I love, without thinking of that palace which David built, sitting in hearing of a hundred streams—streams of thought, of intelligence, of activity. And one other thing about London, if I may be allowed to refer to myself, impresses me beyond any other sound I have ever heard, and that is the low, unceasing roar that one hears always in the air. It is not a mere accident, like the tempest or the cataract, but it is impressive because it always indicates human will and impulse and conscious movement, and I confess that when I hear it I almost feel that I am listening to the roaring loom of time. A few words more. I will only say this, that we, as well as you, have inherited a common trust in the noble language which, in its subtle compositiveness, is perhaps the most admirable instrument of human thought and human feeling and cunning that has ever been unconsciously devised by man. May our rivalries be in fidelity to that trust. We have also inherited certain traditions political and moral, and in doing our duty towards these it seems to me that we shall find quite enough occupation for our united thought and feeling.

In the course of his remarks proposing the health of the Society, Mr. Matthews said:

Different as they are in aim and in organization, the Incorporated Society of Authors is like the American Copyright League in that it is an association of men-of-letters. (I use the phrase with no invidious distinction of sex: in this respect at least men-of-letters embrace women-of-letters.) The immediate object of the Copyright League is to arouse the people of the United States from the ethical inertia which permits piracy from the foreign author. The bill which we had introduced into Congress has been sadly shorn on its passage through the committees; but the amended bill has been accepted by the League as the best attainable for the moment. That this bill will become law, sooner or later, there is no doubt whatever. It will not be allowed to languish or to die a natural death—even if we give to that phrase the extension it received in

the mouth of the cowboy who was showing a 'tenderfoot' over a Western cemetery: 'Thar isn't a man in that graveyard that died a natural death, except two—and they were pizoned by their wives!' The League will not allow the bill to be poisoned. And when at last it becomes a law, inadequate and cumbersome as it may seem, it will put an end to the habit of piracy. When that is done, we hope in time to see the law simplified and strengthened in accord with our own views.

We should be glad if the Incorporated Society of Authors could get the English Copyright law amended so as to prevent piracy here. Your law is better than our no-law, but it is not what it should be. To copyright his book in England, an American has to publish it here before he publishes in America and probably he has to be under the British flag at the moment of publication here. These are hard conditions, often impossible to fulfil. There is far less piracy in Great Britain than there is in the United States, but there is far more than most Englishmen know. The works of the President of the Incorporated Society of Authors have been abundantly stolen in America, and the works of the President of the American Copyright League have been abundantly stolen in England; indeed, I doubt if there are more rival reprints of the 'Idylls of the King' on the other side of the ocean than there are rival reprints of the 'Biglow Papers' on this. The black flag flies over every railway bookstall in Great Britain, as it floats also, alas! over every book-store in the United States. Most English men-of-letters, unaware of the extent or even of the existence of piracy here, are shocked when the facts are laid before them; but many American authors long since discovered the deficiencies of the English law. In this respect the American author is like the schoolboy who came home for the holidays bringing a letter from the master. 'What's this, my son,' asked his father, 'I see you were flogged last Friday?' 'Knew you only just found that out now?' responded the boy; 'I knew it at the time!'

The Lounger

NOWHERE is there a more delightful place for lounging than this beautiful valley of the Catskills called Pine Hill, and nowhere is there a more attractive spot, one more tempting to a Lounger, than this vine-covered piazza. It is such a veritable lounging-place that it is almost impossible to do any work here at all. I have spent the entire morning in doing what I could have accomplished in an hour at my desk in town; for the very good reason that I have to stop every few minutes to listen to the brook that babbles past the door, to watch the banks of white clouds that rises up over yonder mountain, to follow the motions of the humming-bird that flits in and out among the leaves of the Virginia creeper, or listen to the lazy buzzing of the bees darting here and there and burying themselves in the hearts of the flowers that peep through the vines.

THEY CALL this romantic little place the 'shanty.' It was built by a gentleman who has since gone to California to live, but who used to spend his summers at Pine Hill. It is the merest apology for a house: rough boards rudely fastened together, with thin wooden partitions between the rooms. A great deal of the work was done by the proprietor's own hands. The mantelpiece, fashioned of birch saplings with the bark left on, is a part of his work. Now the house is unoccupied, but a friend of mine who has it in charge allows me the freedom of the place, and I feel like a sort of Swiss Family Robinson. I am for the time being monarch of all I survey, and if it were not for the tourists in red hats and blouse waists who pull themselves by on their alpenstocks, I could imagine myself on a desert island, for there is not a house in sight.

A MOST remarkable instance of memory has just come to my notice. Its possessor is a lady member of Dr. Howard Crosby's church in New York. Without having taken a single note, she will when she goes home write out every word of her pastor's sermon, and he tells me she never makes a mistake of a 'the' or an 'and'—that every sentence not only embodies his idea, but gives it in his exact language. For twenty-five years this lady has been performing these feats of memory, and during that time she has written out some two thousand sermons. The manuscripts of some of them she has had bound and presented to Dr. Crosby. They make forty large volumes. But this is not all of her devoted labors: she has written out, also from memory, all of his lectures, and she has classified his opinions on all the subjects upon which he has spoken during these years, and has made an elaborate series of indexes to them. Not a word is omitted. Even when the preacher drops into Greek, Latin or Hebrew, she follows him, for she is proficient in each of these languages. I doubt that Macaulay could have achieved more than this with even his marvellous mnemonic pow-

ers. Yet the lady does not seem to think she has done anything remarkable.

I AM very much interested in reading of Mr. Daly's company in Stratford. I read the *Times's* account of the visit, and as there was a good deal about Stratford as well as about the company, I followed the players through their day's junketing with a great deal of pleasure. Here is one of the great advantages of having travelled even a little. I should not have been half so interested if all the places mentioned by the correspondent were not familiar to me. As it was, memory enabled me to see the whole thing; and I envied the visitors the good English dinner I knew they must have had at the Red Horse Inn, as well as the walk across the lovely English meadows through the ingenious turnstiles and over the brook to the Hathaway cottage.

AN ENGLISH gentleman who revels in the Pumblechookian name of Corney Grain, and who follows the profession of comic singer in connection with Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's London entertainments, has written a book. In all modesty the volume is entitled 'Corney Grain: by Himself.' But perhaps what I take to be modesty may be intended for wit. In the course of his narrative, Mr. Grain tells the following anecdote:

I met a very old and very quaint American lady in Venice once. She came up to me and said: 'I know what you are and what you do. I hope you'll give some of your funny things to-night.' I explained that I was holiday-making, and I was going to meander lazily in a gondola that night. Apparently re-enting my refusal to sing, she retorted, 'Wall, I think you're the least funny-looking man I ever met!'

Now with all deference to Mr. Corney Grain's penetration, I don't for a moment believe that this woman ever saw America. She was an English humorist, who wanted to let a rival 'professional' know what she thought of him.

ENGLISH writers of a certain class, either the intentionally rude or the supremely stupid, always make Americans say 'wall' for well, and 'I reckon.' There are parts of this great country where the people do say 'I reckon,' but the people who say 'wall' for well must be limited to the class who leave 'the States' early in life and make England their home, for they are not known on this side of the ocean.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

FRANK HOLL, the well-known English artist, died in London on Aug. 1. His name has recently been brought into much prominence by the portrait which he was selected to paint of Gladstone, for presentation to the statesman by his friends on the golden anniversary of his wedding-day. But for many years he has been a prominent figure in the art-life of England. Born a son of the distinguished engraver, the late Francis Holl, A. R. A., he was educated at the London University, and in his sixteenth year was admitted as a student to the Royal Academy. In less than two years he was awarded the silver medal for the best drawing from the antique and the premium of 10*l.* Other Academical honors followed fast, and in 1864, two of his pictures, 'Turned out of Church' and 'A Portrait,' were exhibited in the gallery. His position was soon assured, and his fame had since grown rapidly. In 1878, Mr. Holl was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and five years later was made a Royal Academician. Among his best known pictures may be mentioned 'The Ordeal,' 'No Tidings from the Sea' (painted for the Queen), 'Leaving Home,' 'A Village Funeral,' 'Her First Born,' 'Going Home,' 'Gone—The Emigrant's Departure,' 'The Gifts of the Fairies,' 'Ordered to the Front,' and 'Millicent.' Lately Mr. Holl had departed from his *genre* themes and devoted himself almost entirely to portraiture. He has painted the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Wolseley, Mr. Chamberlain, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Vice Chancellor Sir James Bacon, and numerous other notables of the realm. He was forty-three years of age.

—The *Art Review* for July-August begins Vol. 3 of the magazine and a new series of bi-monthly issues. The contributions to the number are from E. H. Greenleaf, on 'The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston'; Charles M. Skinner, on 'American Illustrators: William Hamilton Gibson'; George Forbes, on 'The Picturesque Adirondacks'; George F. Kelly (the editor), on 'Some Recent Exhibitions in New York'; John C. Van Dyke, on 'The Beauty of Paint'; and Mr. Kelly again, on the 'Spring exhibitions of the "Academy" and "Society."' Among the loose plates in the number is 'The Spirit of the Lily,' after Walter Shirlaw—a pretty though by no means very original conception in the photogravure reproduction; a dry-point etching, by F. W. Freer, from Carroll

Beckwith's commonplace 'A Passing Glance'; a soft, sepia-toned photogravure from a full-length portrait of a lady, by Wm. H. Chase; and Kenyon Cox's 'Painting,' which, so far as the reproduction is concerned, is most beautiful in its effects of light and shade and the richness of its tones.

—*The Portfolio* for July leads off with an article called 'Ecce Ancilla Domini,' by F. G. Stephens, who takes the text for his paper from Rossetti's painting of the Annunciation, which, reproduced in a full-page illustration, accompanies it as a frontispiece. Whatever may be the merits of the original, this frontispiece, as far as the technicalities of the reproduction is concerned, is faithfully done and very beautiful. There is also a spirited etching of 'A Windy Day,' by C. O. Murray, after one of Chambers's marine subjects. Cosmo Monkhouse contributes the seventh paper on 'The Earlier English Water-Color Painters,' treating in this instalment of the figure-painters, Stothard, Blake, Cattermole, etc. The editor 'converses' about 'Book Illustrations,' still continuing the theme of utility. Sydney L. Lee has an interesting sketch of 'Charlecote House,' to which Herbert Railton adds some of his delightful annotations in the way of illustration; and F. G. Stephens ends the number with a few appropriate words on the lamented Paul Rajon. (Macmillan & Co.)

—Thomas Moran has been elected President, Frederick Dielman Treasurer, and C. Y. Turner Secretary of the new Society of American Etchers, which has been formed with the view of elevating the art of etching in this country, and limiting editions by guaranteeing to the publications of each member the stamp of the Society, in the same way that English prints are protected by the Printsellers' stamp.

The Magazines

THE July number of *Art and Letters* comes to us as usual so dignified and elegant in its appearance, that the 'gentle reader' almost fears to presume upon a nearer acquaintance. The table of contents gives us the first part of a narrative by Ferdinand Fabre, entitled 'Norine'—a very good peg upon which to hang some very delicate illustrations, as (for instance) 'at the top of a flight of six steps, a man was crouching'; the second part of Henri Bouchot's 'History of Fans,' in waving which we detect faint odors of the days of Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday and Marat, the Incroyables, the *Tiers Etat*, Directoire, and Consulate; 'A Soldier's Reminiscences,' being a first paper on that subject by Vsevolod Garschine, in which we are transported to the kingdoms of the White Tsar, and people with an interminable vowel-less nomenclature. There is another entertaining chapter on the *Comédie-Française*—this time devoted to Coquelin—by Sarcey, with a few illustrations. Among 'Some Notes on the Salon,' by Cochin, is a soft reproduction in black and white of Chartran's 'Vincent de Beauvais and Louis IX. at the Abbey of Royaumont,' Dupré's 'L'Heure de la Traite,' Goubie's 'Partie de Campagne,' Outin's 'Piété Filiale,' Hébert's remarkable 'Aux Héros Sans Gloire,' in grey-green tints; Herkomer's splendid portrait of himself, a firm and spirited impression, with a mezzo-tint finish; and Richter's Oriental 'Si Je n'étais Captive.' One of Breton's peasants forms the subject of the frontispiece. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

Stepping across the threshold into *The Century* this month, you enter the sanctum of George Kennan and find him hard at work (on a Russian article, without doubt) in an ascetic's writing-chair. The frontispiece accompanies a sketch of this energetic traveller by Miss Anna Laurens Dawes, in which she cites the statement of 'a well-known literary man,' who, after conversing with him, remarked: 'I have been talking with a man who has seen hell.' This is not bad, and reminds us forcibly of much the same exclamation that the Ravenese made when they beheld Dante walking their streets. After looking upon his face and reading about his exploits, we are not surprised to hear of him that 'there is no sparkle, no liveliness, only that intense concentration and painful pre-occupation. It is mental travail of the most distressing kind.' 'My Meeting with the Political Exiles' is his subject in this month's magazine, written in that bold, photographic style and with the apparently painstaking accuracy which is so characteristic of his work. Another brilliant piece of writing, done by a man as different from Mr. Kennan as the poet is from the historian, and on a theme as remote as history from poetry, is 'A Home of the Silent Brotherhood,' by James Lane Allen. Most of us, in lamenting the want of picturesqueness in the American background, are probably unaware of this foreign growth upon our soil. And distinctively foreign it is likely to remain, for the writer says that the buoyant American spirit can not adapt itself to the abnegative rigor of the Trappist's rule, and the inmates of the abbey are all aliens. Before the shrine in adoration, at the grave in prayer, at labor in the field, the garden and the vineyard,

we see the silent, cowlèd monks, and even prostrated upon the cross in death. It is like a picture of the Richelieu days in France. If Col. R. M. Johnston's dialect tale, 'The Experiments of Miss Sally Cash,' lends itself to criticism at all, it is for the over-charge of dialect; as a story it is capital, as all his stories are. In Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer's cathedral paper, one is at loss to choose between the pictures or the descriptions, both are so excellent. This time it is the Lincoln Cathedral that she guides us over. John Burroughs has one of his characteristic papers, on 'The Heart of the Southern Catskills' (Slide Mountain and its valley); and George W. Cable contributes an article on 'Home Culture Clubs,' in which he argues for the elevation of the masses through the individual. Edward Eggleston's story of 'The Graysons' is continued, and the first part appears of Thos. A. Janvier's 'A Mexican Campaign.' A treatise on 'Sideral Astronomy, Old and New,' is begun by Prof. E. S. Holden of the Lick Observatory. John G. Nicolay and Col. Hay in their Lincoln history shift the scene of action to Kentucky and Tennessee. In the way of verse, Arlo Bates and others make a strong showing, the others being Florence Coates, Caroline Hazard, Minna Irving, Richard E. Burton and Celia Thaxter. There is a paper from Lyman Abbott 'On the Pulpit of the Day;' and hidden away among the Open Letters are some anecdotes from John Codman on Father Taylor, than which there is nothing more delectable in the number. In the Memoranda on the Civil War, Andrew Hunter has something to say about 'Gen. Lee's Views on Enlisting the Negroes,' and W. Allan a note on 'Some Errors in Gen. Sherman's "Grand Strategy."'

The third number of the *Universal Review* is not up to the first issue, but it is a decided improvement on the second. T. P. O'Connor, in 'Home Rule and the Opposition Leaders,' replies to Mr. Frank Hill's article in the last number, which he finds very hard to meet—not, he says, because there is so much to answer, but because there is so little. Mr. O'Connor has read Mr. Hill's paper thrice over, and can find nothing which he can dignify by the name of argument, nothing which can claim to be a new array of facts,—which is rather rough on Mr. Hill, unless he is offered another chance to defend himself and turn the tables on his opponent. The following contribution to the number is the editor's, Mr. Harry Quilter's, second part of his study of this year's *Salon*, the illustrations to which have all the hurried, uncertain appearance of newspaper drawings. The reproduction of Henner's St. Sebastian, while preserving much of the strength of the original, is utterly wanting in finish, and the impression is very imperfect. Three chapters of Henry James's new serial, 'The Lesson of the Master,' suggests the idea that the author writes novels as Napoleon wrote his letters—three or four at a time. We run across a new one almost every time we pick up a periodical. There is an article called 'Quis Desiderio—?' signed by Samuel Butler, in which, like Wilkie Collins, the writer says he has been asked to lay his experiences before the public. One hopes the public is edified, but the reviewer of the current *Review* has not yet divined the confessor's meaning. 'The Problem of Poverty' is the subject of an interesting and thoughtful paper by Llewelyn Davies, but one or two of its conclusions may strike the charitably-inclined as a little visionary. 'The Dramatic Teaching at the Paris Conservatoire,' by J. Raymond Solly, is also a very interesting subject treated in an interesting way; but why will the editor of this new magazine insist on such catch-penny prints, worthy only of a police gazette or a sporting weekly.

The August *North American Review* opens with a symposium on the Temperance Question, to which some of the most prominent advocates of prohibition in the country contribute. Among them are Presidents Seelye of Amherst and Bascom of the University of Wisconsin; Rev. Drs. T. K. Funk and Charles F. Deems; and Gen. Neal Dow, G. F. Stewart and Senator Blair. Col. Ingersoll follows in an article entitled 'The Divided Household of Faith'—one of his characteristic polemics against the Bible and Christianity. T. V. Powderly finds 'A Menacing Irruption' in the surplusage of immigrants, and hopes for the time when every prospective emigrant will have to file his intention at an American consulate three years in advance of the event, and when no illiterate persons, no paupers, no imbeciles or criminals shall be permitted a foothold here. Cora Maynard, in a paper on 'Art and the Actor,' goes over the whole question of dramatic education; and in 'How Shall the Irish Vote?' Patrick Ford states that nineteen-twentieths of the Irish population here are workingmen, and not amused by fairy-tales of Free Trade. W. A. Croftut has a paper on hypnotism called 'The Open Door of Dreamland,' Frank G. Carpenter tells about 'Our Chief Justices off the Bench,' and G. H. Ammidown has a contribution on 'The American Wool Industry,' in which he says 'it is almost incredible that a great political party, including many patriotic citizens and led by the President,' should be intent

upon the overthrow of one of our most important national industries. So tariff reform has two opponents in this month's *North American*.

Current Criticism

MR. JAMES'S ILLUSION ABOUT CRITICISM.—In the essay upon Guy de Maupassant, the critic has occasion to refer to that author's opinion that 'the particular way we see the world is our particular illusion about it'—one illusion being just as good as another, of course. Mr. James does not assent to this view; but he seems to hold that, whether or not this is true of real life, it is true of criticism. Criticism, apparently, is our particular illusion about the author, and one point of view is as good as another. This, at least, is the impression produced by the volume, in which the judgments are cleverly made innocuous, and fame and shame blend in the unity they have to Emerson's Buddha. This is not explicitly stated, certainly—the critic has unrivalled facility in being always clear, but never explicit. His indirectness of expression is a miracle of apparent straightforwardness; but as soon as one seeks to find out just what is meant, he finds that Mr. James's birds are all in the bush. He describes their colors, he almost seems to stroke their wings with his velvet compliment, but when one stops to look, the bird is out of hand. This evasiveness of the court is naturally annoying, but its crafty felicity almost atones to the reader who is a lover of literary fence. Criticism is our particular illusion about the author—that is the motto of the author; necessarily such a view of his business impairs the critic's value.—*The Evening Post*.

ZOLA'S LITERARY FUTURE.—The time is at hand—I am free to announce it without risking to pass for a false prophet—when the doctrine known under the name of naturalism will be represented only by the solitary figure of its leader. M. Zola seems destined to become the chief mourner for a school of which he was himself the founder, and whose last disciples will have disappeared in his own lifetime. The faithful few who still grouped themselves around him separated from him, not without a certain *clat*, when the scandal caused by 'La Terre' found expression. The coldness of the public rendered this schism almost obligatory, and has since confirmed it. M. Zola, carrying to its last extreme a method which was from the first an exaggeration, has purposely seen and sought to reproduce only the rude and coarse side, and as it were the animal part, of the life of the peasantry. He will certainly never be accused, like George Sand, of representing peasants of *opéra comique*. The mild and respectable aspects of rural life, and particularly what is vast and grand about it, have completely escaped him. In 'La Terre' his characters are mere brutes, men and women unworthy of the beautiful earth they cultivate, indifferent to everything save money or some low pleasures. Strange Georgics these! Balzac made a mistake of this kind in one of his poorest novels, 'Les Paysans,' but M. Zola has rendered his method unendurable by his grimy manner and heaviness of touch; and his habitual readers, applauding the revolt of his disciples, have given him his dismissal.

Among those of his staff who emancipated themselves somewhat early in the day I am bound to name in the first rank M. Guy de Maupassant.—*J. Levallois, in the Athenæum*.

Notes

ONE of the most interesting features in the magazine literature of the year will be published in *Scribner's* for November. 'From Gravelotte to Sedan,' it is called; and it is written by Gen. Philip H. Sheridan. As the title suggests, it recounts the experiences of 'Little Phil' in Europe during the Franco-Prussian War. It is the General's only contribution to a periodical, and is not, as might be expected, a military survey of French and German battle-fields and the technique of war, but deals in a forcible and vivid manner with the personal, casual and dramatic incidents that came under his shrewd observation during his sojourn in the German camp.

—Chas. L. Webster & Co. writes to the *Times* as follows:

In your valuable paper of the 7th you state that the Sheridan memoirs will probably be published in September. The memoirs are now being sold through subscription canvassing agents, who exhibit selections from them by means of a prospectus, but the actual date of publication is fixed for Dec. 1, such date having been agreed upon with Gen. Sheridan some time before his death. We desire to have this definite statement appear, as parties are offering to the public as the work of Gen. Sheridan spurious books, cheaply prepared, and of no value. In many cases the fraud is not detected. The profit to these people is perhaps not very great, but serious injury is caused to the sale of the memoirs and Gen. Sheridan's children deprived, in a measure, of their means of support.

—Mayor Hewitt, Secretary Bayard, Col. John Hay, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Howells, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Warner, Bishop Potter, Mr. Childs, the Rev. Drs. Morgan Dix, Phillips Brooks, W. R. Huntington, R. S. Storrs and W. M. Taylor; Mrs. Cleveland, Miss Mary L. Booth, Mrs. James T. Fields, Seth Low, Hamilton Gibson, and many others eminent in literature and public affairs, are on the list of American contributors to the proposed memorial to Mrs. Craik.

—Jean Ingelow, some one writes, gives several dinners weekly to the sick poor and discharged convalescents from hospitals.

—*The Epoch* says of John Boyle O'Reilly, Boston's Irish-American poet, novelist, journalist, and orator, that he has the tenderness of a woman as well as the sledge-hammer force of masculinity, and is always bubbling over with the high animal spirits which are among the most attractive of human qualities. His friends laughingly call him 'Boyleover Reilly.'

—The leading article in the August *Harper's* will be a profusely illustrated paper, by Theodore Child, on 'Limoges and its Industries.'

—Miss Ella Baker, the author of 'Bertram de Drumont,' 'Songs of the Season,' 'Stories from Old History,' and 'The Sovereigns of England,' was recently stung by a bee and died afterwards from its effects. She was but twenty-nine years old.

—Deman, the Brussels publisher, is about to issue Poe's poems in an *édition de luxe* to consist of 850 copies, fifty printed on imperial Japan paper and the remainder on Holland. The translation into the French is to be done by Stéphane Mallarmé, and Edouard Manet is to do the portrait. As further indicative of the interest with which Poe is regarded in France, Gabriel Roberty is engaged, in his studio in the Benedict in this city, on a series of original illustrations of the poet and romancer's works. The first series is to be an ideal interpretation of 'The Black Cat.'

—While in England Mrs. Moulton will superintend the publication there of her 'Swallow Flights.'

—E. L. Kellogg & Co. announce among their educational publications for the autumn Welch's 'Talks on Psychology' and his 'Teachers' Physiology;' Gardner's 'Town and Country School Buildings;' Southwick's 'Quiz-Book on the Theory and Practice of Teaching;' Shaw and Donnell's 'School-Devices;' Dewey's 'How to Teach Manners in the School-Room;' Allen's 'Short History of Education;' Ballard's 'Physical Education;' and Volumes 7, 8, 9 and 10 of the Teachers' Manuals.

—Oscar Fay Adams has prepared a volume of selections from the works of Jane Austen, which Lee & Shepard will publish for the use of schools. What a premium this will put on truancy.

—Harper & Bros. have nearly ready a book called 'The Land Beyond the Forest,' by Mme. E. Gerard, who travelled through Transylvania, the scene of her story, with her husband, an officer in the Austrian Army, and has made a special study of that almost unknown country.

—Guy de Maupassant's three literary commandments are these: Do not write for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; do not accept the decoration of the Legion of Honor; be not a candidate for the French Academy. M. de Maupassant must have been as delighted with Daudet's attack on the 'Immortals' as he was disgusted with his whilom master, Zola, for accepting the Cross of the Legion. Be it said for de Maupassant's consistency that he himself refused it.

—In the current *Book-News* there is a sketch and portrait of Prof. Boyesen.

—At the St. Louis Public Library in one month this year, 'Ben Hur' was called for 87 times; 'The Scarlet Letter,' 42 times; Anna Karénina, 40 times; 'Les Misérables,' 37; 'Ivanhoe,' 33; 'Vanity Fair,' 31; 'April Hopes,' 28; while 27, 25 and 25 represent the respective calls for 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'David Copperfield' and 'The Count of Monte Cristo.'

—Among the recent announcements of publications in Paris are 'La Grande Bleue,' by René Maizeroy, with introductions by Pierre Loti, Paul Bourget, Richepin, Paul Arène and de Maupassant; Victor Hugo's 'Toute la Lyre;' Henry Greville's 'Comédies de Paravent;' Boyer d'Argen's 'Monsieur le Rédacteur,' a study of Parisian journalism; 'Fables et Contes,' translated from Tolstói by Halpérine-Kaminski; 'Giacomo Leopardi,' by Edouard Rod; Vol. 3 of 'Les Manuscrits de Léonard de Vinci;' and Monselet's 'Mes Souvenirs Littéraires.'

—Members of the House have asked the Senate Committee on Finance to put upon the free list books printed exclusively in any foreign language. Early in the session, Representative Lind of Minnesota introduced a bill to that effect, and succeeded in having its provisions incorporated in the Mills bill. He has made an argument before the Senate Sub-Committee in support of his measure,

and Representative Dingley, of Maine, has endorsed his suggestion. Mr. Lind maintains that it will be in the interest of education, and of great benefit to the foreign-born population in this country, to be able to import from their old homes books in their native tongue which they would otherwise not be likely to get. As a rule, he says, the booksellers do not keep the classes of books that would be most imported. There is a disposition, however, in some quarters to oppose it, not on tariff grounds alone, but upon the theory that the foreign-born population of this country ought not to be encouraged in the use of their native languages, and that they can be better Americanized by the use of English.

—Mr. Howells's 'lyricated farce,' 'Love's Stowaway,' is to be set for the stage in comic opera form, and will be brought out at the Newport Casino toward the close of the season.

—A movement, in which Walter Besant and other prominent authors are said to be interested, is on foot in London, under the auspices of the Incorporated Society of Authors, to present Mrs. Burnett with some testimonial of their regard and gratitude for taking the initiative in testing in the English Courts, at her own risk and expense, a novelist's dramatic rights in his productions. Mrs. Burnett has gone to the Isle of Thanet for a short visit.

—Edward Everett Hale's recent work, 'Mr. Tangier's Vacation,' has run into its sixth edition.

—W. M. Griswold, one of the Congressional librarians, has given another proof of his indefatigable industry, in the 'Index to *Harper's Weekly*,' just published, which covers a period of thirty years (1857-1887). It is the sixth of his 'Cumulative Indexes.'

—In the August *Homiletic Review* Dr. Howard Crosby has a vigorous paper in which he answers the inquiry, 'Should Questions at Issue between Political Parties be Discussed in the Pulpit?' with a ringing, 'No, never!'

—The demand for 'Robert Elsmere' seems insatiable, and Messrs. Macmillan, beside exhausting the first consignment from England in one day, have sold beforehand every copy of a second, now on its way over. A third order has been cabled to London.

—When Lieut. Mason N. Schufeldt returned from his tour of Madagascar for the Navy Department, several years ago, he published a book of his travels, which was afterwards declared by another officer to be a translation of the work of a French missionary. Lieut. Schufeldt has just been examined for promotion, and it has been whispered that this old charge of plagiarism has been brought up against him, though it does not so appear from the records of the examination.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will have ready in the early autumn the first supplement to Wm. F. Poole's 'Index to American Literature,' covering 1882-7.

—The incorporators of the Grolier Club, whose articles of incorporation have been approved, are William L. Andrews, S. P. Avery, William Bispham, Frederick A. Castle, Beverly Chew, Theodore L. De Vinne, Alexander W. Drake, Albert Gallup, Robert Hoe, Brayton Ives, W. M. Laffan, Howard Mansfield, Samuel W. Marvin, Edward S. Mead, and Arthur B. Turnure. It is understood that nearly all the funds necessary for the purchase or erection of a building have been already subscribed. The club will continue to further the study and promotion of the arts pertaining to the making of books.

—As a companion volume to 'Shakspeare's England,' David Douglas of Edinburgh will publish the 'Poems' of William Winter.

—Frank Murray will publish in the autumn 'Ballades of a Country Bookworm,' dedicated by the author, Thomas Hutchinson, to Andrew Lang. The edition will be printed on hand-made paper, and limited to a small number of copies.

—Robert Louis Stevenson's new serial novel, 'The Master of Ballantrae' will be begun in the November number of *Scribner's* and extend late into next year. Lester Wallack's 'Reminiscences' will begin in the October number, and run through the November and December issues. The Hon. Hugh McCulloch will write of some 'Problems in American Politics' in this number. Gen. Greely, in November, will contribute an article on 'Winter Climate and Winter Resorts' (he ought to speak as one having authority), and Edward L. Wilson in the October magazine will write of 'The Temples of Egypt,' handsomely illustrated from his own camera.

—The August *Book-Buyer* has a frontispiece portrait of William Black, with a sketch of the novelist.

—*Scribner's* for September will contain a paper by the Hon. Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury under Lincoln, Johnson and Arthur, entitled 'Memories of Some Contemporaries,' in which he will publish his reminiscences of Lincoln, Beecher, Fessenden, Presidents Johnson and Arthur, and many other public men, with

whom his office brought him in contact. Gustav Kobbé writes on the unique subject of 'Presidential Campaign Medals,' with illustrations from rare collections; H. C. Bunner tells 'A Second-Hand Story,' suggested by an old hymn-book; and Mr. Stevenson mails 'A Letter to a Young Gentleman who Proposes to Embrace the Career of Art.'

—A part of the library once in the possession of the Baron le Roche-Lacarelle was offered for sale at the Hotel Drouot last month, and some of the books fetched remarkable prices even for that famous auction-mart. A volume belonging originally to Mme. de Pompadour, ornamented with her arms, brought 280*l.*; an edition of the 'Adventures of Telemachus,' bearing Longpierre's insignia of the Golden Fleece on its boards, 200*l.*; the 'History of the Holy Grail; or, First Book of the Round Table,' once the property of Louis XIV., the same price; and a manuscript of the Fifteenth Century, on vellum, engraved by Attavante for Lorenzo de Medici, and containing Petrarch's 'Triomphe dello Amore,' 160*l.*

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

No. 1376.—Please give me the names of some good books on 'hallucination.' I do not want Hibbert's 'Apparitions' or Dendy's 'Philosophy of Mystery,' or any technical medical works.

LYNCHBURG, VA.

A. A. T.

[Brierre de Boismont's 'Des Hallucinations' (1852), and 'History of Dreams, Visions, etc.' (Philadelphia, 1855); 'The Phantom World,' by A. Calmet (1850); 'History and Reality of Apparitions,' by De Foe; 'The Night Side of Nature,' by Catherine Crowe (1857); 'History of the Supernatural,' by W. W. Howett (1863); 'Phantasmata,' by R. R. Madden; 'Mysteries,' by C. W. Elliott; 'Ghosts and Ghost-Seers,' by S. Brown; Baillarger's article, 'Des Hallucinations,' in the 'Mémoires de l'Académie Royal de Médecine,' tome xii, p. 273. Robert Dale Owen deals with a kindred subject in 'Debatable Land' and 'Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World,' and in the latter volume gives a valuable list of authorities which he had used. On the pathological side of the question there are many books of science to be consulted. 'Principles of Human Physiology' and 'Mental Physiology,' by Dr. Carpenter; 'Responsibilities in Mental Disease,' 'Body and Mind' and 'Pathology of the Mind,' by Henry Maudsley; and 'Illusions,' by James Sully. In all of these and many similar books will be found brief accounts or mention of hallucinations.]

No. 1377.—Will THE CRITIC help me to find a verse, or poem, of Whittier's, describing a fortune-teller as standing upon a hill leaning upon her staff and 'looking down upon her lowly cot'? Such a verse I have seen quoted from the poet's earlier work, but I am unable to find it in any edition in the Boston Public Library.

BOSTON, MASS.

C. B. V.

No. 1378.—1. Who wrote the verses of the song 'Under the Daisies, set to music by Harrison Millard? 2. Who is the author of the words of the opera, 'The Maid of Artois,' and (3) of the song, 'Gentle Shepherd, Tell me Where'?

NEW YORK.

H. F. H.

[1. Hatty Tyng Griswold. 2. Alfred Bunn. 3. Allan Ramsay, about 1729. The title of the poem is 'The Gentle Shepherd'? The line given above was once quoted very effectively in the House of Commons.]

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Author of Vera. Ninette: An Idyl of Provence. 50c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Browning, R. Poetical Works. Vol. IV. \$1.50.....	Macmillan & Co.
Cherbuliez, V. La Vocation du Comte Ghislain.....	W. R. Jenkins.
Daintry, L. Eros.....	Chicago: Belford, Clarke & Co.
Emra, J. N. Centre of the Central Sea. 25c.....	J. N. Emra.
Goss, M. F. M. Bench-Work in Wood. 75c.....	Boston: Ginn & Co.
Gibbon, C. Beyond Compare.....	Chicago: T. S. Denison.
Griswold, W. M. Index to <i>Harper's Weekly</i> , 1857-1887.....	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Howells, W. D. A Sea Change.....	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Iron, Ralph. Story of an African Farm. \$1.....	Boston: Cupples & Hurd.
Linton, E. L. Mrs. Through the Long Nights. 25c.....	Harper & Bros.
Merrill, S. Newspaper Libel. \$2.....	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Myer, Isaac. Qabbalah. \$6.....	Phila.: Pub. by the Author.
Roe, E. R. God Reigns.....	Chicago: Laird & Lee.
Scovill, E. R. In the Sick-Room. 50c.....	C. A. Montgomery.
Thickstun, F. A Mexican Girl. 50c.....	Boston: Ticknor & Co.